

# Ellie Goulding, The Writer

You wait for a silence  
I wait for a word  
Lying next to your frame  
Girl unobserved  
You change your position  
You're changing me  
Casting these shadows  
Where they shouldn't be

We're interrupted  
By the heat of the sun  
Trying to prevent  
What's already begun  
You're just a body  
I can smell your skin  
And when I feel it  
You're wearing thin

But I've got a plan  
Why don't you be the artist  
And make me out of clay?  
Why don't you be the writer  
Decide the words I say?  
Cause I'd rather pretend  
I'll still be there at the end  
Only it's too hard to ask  
Won't you try to help me?

Sat on your sofa  
It's all broken spring  
This isn't the place for  
Those violent strings  
I try out a smile  
And I aim it at you  
You must have missed it  
You always do

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Why don't you be the artist  
And make me out of clay?  
Why don't you be the writer  
Decide the words I say?  
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I'll still be there at the end  
Only it's too hard to ask  
Won't you try to help me?

You wait  
I wait  
Casting shadows  
Interrupted

You wait  
I wait  
Casting shadows  
Interrupted

You wait  
I wait  
Casting shadows  
Interrupted

You wait  
I wait

## Casting shadows

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And make me out of clay?  
Why don't you be the writer  
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